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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SPECIALIST

In the treatment of all forms of DISEASES
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VARICOCELE cured quickly and permanently. The most natural and scientific treatment that has yet been discovered. IT NOW REQUIRES BUT A FEW DAYS to cure Varicocele, without cutting, pain or loss of time. CHARGES LOW. I positively guarantee a cure.

SYPHILIS cured in all stages and condition. The disease is thoroughly eliminated from the blood. All appearances of the disease quickly disappear. No "BREAKING OUT" of the disease on the skin or face. A cure that is permanent for life.

WEAKNESS of young and middle aged men. LOSS OF MANHOOD from Excesses or Early Vices, Night Losses, Stricture, Hydrocele, Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Nervous Debility, Gonorrhea, Gleet.

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SUMMER TOURS via the WABASH RAILROAD.

On June 1st the Wabash will place on sale summer tourist tickets good to return until October 31st, to all the summer resorts of Canada and the East. The Continental Limited. Leaving Chicago at 12 noon; leaving St. Louis at 9 a. m., which was so popular with the traveling public last year, will run on same schedule time this season.

For rates, time tables, or further information in regard to trips East or to Europe, or a copy of our Summe Tours, call on or write,

G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Room 406 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

**COUNTRY PUBLISHERS COMPANY
OMAHA, Vol. 3—No. 41—1900**

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SOUTH OMAHA MARKET REPORT.

Live Stock Report furnished by the Flato Commission company of South Omaha, Neb.

There has been no material change in the condition of the fat cattle trade since last week. There have been very few choice corn-fed steers on the market and those sold at fully last week's prices. The bulk of the offerings have been half fat and common quality stuff which buyers were forced to take or go without anything at all in the steer line. The consequence has been that the half fat stuff has been selling a little stronger than it did last week. There have been but few good range steers offered, that were suitable for killing purposes, and they have not been in such active competition with the native steers as is usual at this season of the year.

Receipts of cows and heifers have been pretty liberal, but the market has been holding up in excellent shape. Last Saturday the market was 10 to 15 cents lower than the week before, but this week there has been no change at all to speak of, good cows and heifers selling strong and others fully steady.

The past week has seen a steady decline in the price of stockers and feeders, and they are now 30 to 50 cents lower than at the beginning of last week. The market for the past few days has been in anything but a satisfactory condition and prices have gone off 10 to 20 cents in the last two days. It takes choice stock now to bring \$4.00, and the big end of the stuff is selling away below that.

Receipts of hogs have been liberal the past week and prices have been in a very demoralized condition. There has been a constant decline since last Saturday, and prices are now 17 1/2 cents lower than last Monday and 27 1/2 cents lower than a week ago. The good heavy hogs are coming into demand again and are selling at just about the same figures as the good light hogs, and we do not think it will be very long before the choice hogs will all sell in the same notch.

HAVE YOU A GOOD WINDMILL?

No farm is complete without a wind power mill. It pumps water, saws wood, grinds feed, chops fodder and works gladly and freely every day in the year. In this connection we call attention to the advertisement in another column of The Aermotor Co., Chicago, Ill. We heartily endorse and recommend this great concern and advise our readers to correspond with them for catalogue and full particulars.

Why not doctor yourself? "Gonova" Tablets are guaranteed by Kidd Drug Co., Elgin, Ill., to cure all diseases inflammation, ulcerations of the urinary system, organs, bladder, etc., or send free medicine until cured if guaranteed lot falls. An internal remedy with injection combined, the only one in America. Price, \$1.00 or 2 for \$5, sent per mail. Retail and wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. Complete line of rubber goods; ask for what you want.

Offices to be established in Iowa: Sioux City, Des Moines, Boone, Davenport, Council Bluffs, Burlington, Fort Dodge, Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, Muscatine, Dubuque, Keokuk.

And at other good points as rapidly as good men and good women can be found who will take the regular course of instruction and graduate from the Kharas School in Omaha, and then take the management of one of these institutions on a large salary. No branch schools. The treatment at the branch offices is just the same as at headquarters, except no treatment is given free, as it is given in the clinics of the school at Omaha for the benefit of the students. Students never see or treat

for humanity, and are earning splendid salaries for themselves. It takes three months to graduate in the Kharas School, but all graduates are employed. Kharas will not accept as a student a man or woman of questionable reputation and character, and he offers employment to all he accepts as students. This is positively guaranteed, and there is a vast fortune behind any offer Prof. Kharas makes. Those who choose to investigate this matter a few months ago are now reaping rich rewards, while those who were blind because they did not want to see are still turning their backs on the greatest blessing mankind has ever known and are calling it a "fraud," without know-

ing whereof they speak.

The following branch offices are now under the Kharas management of Omaha:

Missouri Valley, Ia., Prof. Aldrich, Mgr.

Jefferson, Ia., Dr. Webster, Mgr.

Atlantic, Ia., Prof. T. J. Ruddy, Mgr.

Harian, Ia., Miss Marion Thompson, Mgr.

Fremont, Neb., Prof. T. A. Edwards, Mgr.

Fremont, Neb., Mrs. Leila Edwards, Mgr.

Ord, Neb., Prof. R. Lee Hamon, Mgr.

Ord, Neb., Mrs. Addie Hamon, Mgr.

Hastings, Neb., Prof. L. J. Gallentine, Mgr.

Aurora, Neb., Prof. A. Gillet, Mgr.

Aurora, Neb., Mrs. L. Gillet, Mgr.

Offices will likely be established during the next three or four months at the following points in Nebraska: Lincoln, Grand Island, Ponca, Superior, Kearney, Chadron, Beatrice, Nebraska City.

patients who pay for their treatment but those who do not pay are always treated by the students under the direction of one of the teachers. Positively no instructions given by any branch manager or matron. Graduates of other reputable schools of Osteopathy or Magnetic Healing are accredited a small amount of time and tuition on account of work taken elsewhere but as there is no other school teaching the combined methods as taught by the "Kharas System" you cannot get employment without taking the Kharas course.

The management in Omaha takes pleasure in sending literature or answering questions. Ex-teachers, preachers, honest lawyers (?) and others fairly well educated, or any young man or woman who wants to enter a lucrative life profession in a sound basis wherein he or she will not have to undergo a "starvation period," are invited to correspond with Prof. Theo Kharas, The Original Magnetic Osteopathy, 1515-17 Chicago St., Omaha, Neb.

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued
Story.

SYNOPSIS

Rachel Jorgensen was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love with and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her and in his anger he disowned her. Then Orry deserted her and ran away to sea. Of this union, however, a child was born, and Rachel, after his disowning, then Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a broken-hearted woman, but told Jason of her father's acts. Jason swore to kill him and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man, and was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse, and married a dissolute, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died and Orry gave his child to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's only daughter, Greeba. Time passed and the governor and his wife became estranged, their five sons staying with their mother on account of their jealousy of Sunlocks, who had become a favorite with the governor. Finally Stephen Orry confesses his misdeeds to Sunlocks, who promised him to go to Iceland to find Rachel if possible and care for her, and if she was dead, to find her son and treat him as a brother. He bid good-bye to his sweet heart, Greeba, and started on his journey. Meantime Jason had started on his journey of vengeance and his ship was wrecked on the Isle of Man. He saved the life of his father unknowingly. Orry died, and on his death bed was recognized by Jason.

CHAPTER X. THE END OF ORRY.

When the tumult was over, and all lives appeared to be saved, and nothing seemed lost save the two vessels—the schooner and the yawl, which still rose and fell on the Carick and the forked reef of the head—and the people separated, and the three old net weavers straggled back to their home, the crew of the Peveril went off with the Fairbrothers to Lague. Great preparations were already afoot there, for Asher had sent on a message ahead of them, and the maids were bustling about, the fire was rekindled in the kitchen, and the kettle was singing merrily. And first there was a mouthful of frog, steaming hot, for every drenched and dripping seaman, with a taste of toast to sweeten it. Then there was getting all the men into a change of dry clothes in order that they might wait for a bite of supper, and until beds were shuffled about and shake-downs fetched out. And high was the sport and great the laughter at the queer shifts the house was put to that it might find clean rigging for so many, on even so short a cruise. When the six Fairbrothers had lent all the change they had of breeches and shirts, the maids had to fish out from their trunks a few petticoats and some gowns, for the sailors still unfurnished. But the full kit was furnished out at length and when the ship's company mustered down in the kitchen from the rooms above, all in their motley colors and queer mixture of garments, with their grizzled faces wiped dry, but their hair still wet and lank and glistening, no one could have guessed, from the loud laughter wherewith they looked each other over, that only an hour before Death itself had so nearly tricked them. Like noisy children let out of school they all were, now that they were snugly housed; for a seagoing man, however he may be kicked about the sea, is not to be downhearted on land. And if two or three of the company continued to complain of their misfortunes, their growlings but lent zest to the merriment of the rest. So that they laughed loud when old Davy, cutting a most ridiculous figure in a linsey-wolsey petticoat and linen bodice that would not meet over his hairy chest, began to grumble that he had followed the sea forty years and never been wrecked before, as if that were the best of all reasons why he should not come by such rough harm now, and a base advantage taken of him by Providence in his old age.

And louder still they laughed at the skipper himself when, still sorely troubled by his ill luck, he wanted to know what all their thanking God was for, since his good ship lay a rotten hulk on a cruel reef; and if it was so very good of Providence to let them off that rock, it would have been better far not to let them on to it. And loudest of all they laughed, and laughed again when an Irish sailor told them, with all his wealth of brogue, of a prayer that he had overheard old Davy pray while they hung helpless on the rock, thinking never to escape from it. "Oh, Lord only save my life this once, and I'll smuggle no more," the Manxman had cried; "and it's not for myself, but old Betty I ax for. For Thou knowest she's ten years dead in Maughold churchyard with twenty rolls of good Scotch cloth atop of her. But I had nowheres else to put it, and, good Lord, only remember the last day, and save my life til' I dig it up from off of her chest, for she never was a powerful woman."

And the danger being over, neither Davy nor the skipper took it ill that the men should make sport of their groanings, for they laughed with the rest, and together they waked a most reckless uproar. All this while, though Mrs. Fairbrother had not left her bedroom, the girls' feet had been flitting merrily over the white holy-stoned floor to get some supper bread, and Greeba, having tapped Jason on the shoulder, had carried him off quietly to the door of the parlor, and pushed him in there while she ran to get a light, for the room was dark. It was also cool, with crocks of milk standing for cream, and baskets of eggs and baskets of new-made cheese. And when she returned with the candle in one hand, shaded by the luminous fingers of the other, and its

bright light on her comely face, she would have loaded him with every good thing the house contained—colored head, and beef, and binjeen and Manx jough, and the back of the day's pudding. Nothing he would have, however, save one thing, and that made great sport between them: for it was an egg, and he ate it raw, shell included, crunching it like an apple. At that sight she made pretence to shudder. And then she laughed like a bell, saying he was a wild man indeed, and she had thought so when she first set eyes on him on the shore, and already she was more than half afraid of him.

Then they laughed again, she very slyly, he very bashfully, and while her bright eyes shone upon him she told him how like he was, now that she saw him in the light, to some one else she knew of. He asked her who it was, and she answered warily, with something between a smile and a blush, that it was one who had left the island that very night.

By this time the clatter of dishes mingled with the laughter and merry voices that came from the other side of the hall, and the two went back to the kitchen.

Asher Fairbrother, who had been dozing like a sheep dog in the ingle, was then rising to his feet, and saying, "And now for supper; and let it be country fashion, girls, at this early hour of the morning."

Country fashion indeed it was, with the long oak table scrubbed white like a butcher's board, and three pyramids of potatoes, piled in the jackets, tossed out at its head and foot and middle, three huge blocks of salt, each with its wooden spoon, laid down at the same spaces, and a plate with a boiled herring and a basin of last night's milk before every guest. And the seamen shambled into their places, any man anywhere, all growling or laughing, or both; and the maids flipped about very lightly, rueing nothing, amid so many fresh men's faces, on the strange chance that had fetched them out of their beds for work at double tides.

And seeing the two coming back together from the parlor, the banter of the seamen took another turn, leaving old Davy for young Jason, who was reminded of the kiss he had earned on the beach, and asked if ever before a sailor lad had got the like from a lady without look or longing. Such was the flow of their banter until Greeba, being abashed, and too hard set to control the rich color that mounted to her cheeks, fled laughing from the room to hide her confusion.

But no rudeness was intended by the rude sea dogs, and no offence was taken; for in that first hour after they had all been face to face with death, the barrier of manners stood for nothing to master or man or mistress or maid.

But when the rough jest seemed to have gone far enough, and Jason, who had laughed at first, had begun to hang his head—sitting just where Stephen Orry had sat when, long years before, he took refuge in that house from the four blue-jackets who were in pursuit of him—Old Davy Kerruish got up and pulled his grizzled forelock, and shouted to him above the tumult of the rest:

"Never mind the loblolly boys, lad," "it's just jealous they are, being so long out of practice; and there's one thing you can say, and away, and that's this—the first thing you did on setting foot in the Isle of Man was to save the life of a Manxman."

"Then here's to his right good health," cried Asher Fairbrother, with his mouth in a basin of milk; and in that brave liquor, with three times three and the thud and thung of twenty hard fists on the table, the rough toast was called round.

And in the midst of it, when Greeba, having conquered her maiden shame, had crept back to the kitchen, and Mrs. Fairbrother, aroused at length by the lightsome hubbub, had come down to put an end to it, the door of the porch opened, and crazy old Chaise McKilley stood upon the threshold, very pale, panting for breath, and with a ghastly light in his sunken eyes, and cried "He's dying. Where's the young man that fetched him ashore? He's crying for him, and I'm to fetch him along with we straight away."

Jason rose instantly. "I'll go," he said, and he snatched up a cap.

"And I'll go with you," said Greeba, and she caught up a shawl.

Not a word more was said, and at the next instant, before the others had recovered from their surprise, or the laughter and shouting were yet quite gone from their lips, the door had closed again and the three were gone.

Chaise, in his eagerness to be back, strode on some paces ahead in the darkness, and Jason and Greeba walked together.

"Who is it?" said Jason. "Do you know?"

"No," said Greeba. "Chaise!" she cried, but the old man, with his face down, trudged along as one who heard nothing. She tripped up to him, and Jason walking behind heard the sound of muttered words between them, but caught nothing of what passed. Dropping back to Jason's side, the girl said:

"It's a man whom nobody holds of much account, poor soul."

"What is he?" said Jason.

"A smuggler, people say, or perhaps worse. His wife has been long years dead, and he has lived alone ever since."

shunned by most folks, and by his own son among others. It was his son who sailed to Iceland tonight."

"Iceland? Did you say Iceland?" "Yes, Iceland. It is your country, is it not? But he hadn't lived with his father since he was a child. He was brought up by my own dear father. It was he who seemed to be so like 'to you."

Jason stopped suddenly in the dark lane. "What's the name?" he asked hoarsely.

"The son's name? Michael."

"Michael what?"

"Michael Sunlocks."

Jason drew a long breath, and strode on without a word more. Very soon they were outside the little house in Port-y-Vullin.

Chaise was there before them, and he stood with the door ajar.

"Whist!" the old man whispered. "He's ebbing fast. He's going out with the tide. Listen!"

They crept in on tiptoe, but there was small need for quiet. The place was a scene of direful uproar and most gruesome spectacle. It was all but as thronged of people as it had been nineteen years before, on the day of Liza Killey's wedding. On the table, the form, the three-legged stool, and in the chimney corner, they sat together cheek-by-jowl, with eyes full of awe, most of them silent or speaking low behind their hands. On the bed the injured man lay and tossed in a strong delirium. The wet clothes wherein he had passed through the sea had been torn off, his body wrapped in a gray blanket, and the wound on his head bandaged in a cloth. His lips were discolored, his cheeks were white, and his hair was damp with the sweat that ran in big drops to his face and neck. At his feet Mary Crowe stood, holding a horn cup of brandy, and by his head knelt Kane Wade, the Methodist, praying in a loud voice.

"God bring him to Thy repentance," cried Kane Wade; "restore him to the joy of Thy salvation. The pains of hell have gotten hold of him. Hark how the devil is tearing him. He is like to the man with the unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs. The devil is gotten into him. But out wi' thee, Satan, and no more two words about it! Thanks be unto God, we can wrestle with thee in prayer. Gloom at us, Satan, but never will we rise from our knees until God hath given us victory over thee, lest our brother fall into the jaws of hell, and our own souls be not free from blood-guiltiness."

In this strain he prayed, shouting at the full pitch of the vast bellows of his lungs, and loudest of all when the delirium of the sick man was strongest until his voice failed him from sheer exhaustion, and then his lips still moved, and he mumbled hoarsely beneath his breath. Jason stood in the middle of the floor and looked on in his great stature over the heads of the people about him, while Greeba, with quiet grace and gentle manners, thinned the little hut of some of the many with whom the dense air smoked and reeked. After that she lifted the poor restless, tumbling wet head from its hard pillow and put it to rest on her own soft arm, with her cool palm to the throbbing brow, and then she damped the lips with the brandy from Mary Crowe's cup. This she did, and more than this, seeming to cast away from her in a moment all her lightness, her playfulness, her bounding happy spirit, and in the hour of need to find such tender offices come to her, as to all true women, like another sense.

And presently the delirium abated, the weary head lay still, the bleared eyes opened, the discolored lips parted and the dying man tried to speak. But before ever a word could come, the change was seen by Kane Wade, who cried, "Thank God, he has found peace. Thank the Lord, who has given us the victory